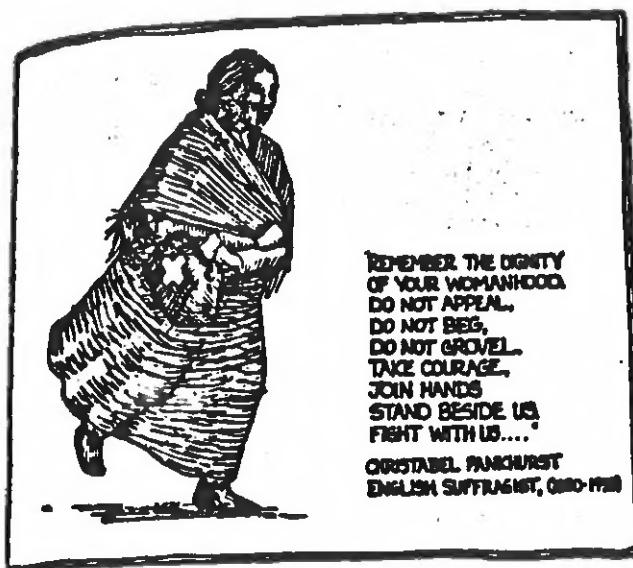


# PERSEPHONE'S NETWORK★APRIL 1993

Way back when togas were the height of fashion and Olympia was the hippest mountain around for scoping out the gods, there lived this chick named Persephone (say it "Per-seh-funny") who was goddess of the grain crop. One day she was abducted by this one asshole god Hades who took her down to the underworld and held her prisoner. He would only set her free if she ate nothing while she was down there. Geezl Naturally she got hungry after a while and, being the liberated-appetite goddess that she was, she ate six pomegranate seeds (which is a kind of Mediterranean fruit, in case you didn't know.) Hades just freaked out on her and kept her captive in the underworld, only letting her out in the fall when the grain crop was yielded. When Persephone went up in the fall she went to a huge orgy and all she wore was netting all over her body that no dumb-ass gods could violate but she still was totally sexy. (I don't know the story real well, but you get the point.)

Nowadays, Grunge™ is the height of fashion and Olympia™ is just this place for scoping out the grrrl-bands, but Persephone is still around. So she came up a little early this year, so what? Eat all the pomegranate seeds you want, and enjoy...



RG-Cleveland has  
tons in the works  
for this summer...

Get in touch!



RIOT GRRRL  
P.O. BOX 21181  
CLEVELAND, OH  
4.4.1.2.1



suburban madness



i'm in the long languid lawn chair  
i'm starin' at the chem-green grass and the pink flamingos  
i'm gazin' at the grey squirrels and the grey houses and the  
grey people  
i'm thinkin' about the screen doors, the pots and pans, the  
burnt chicken  
i'm watchin' the sprinkler's epileptic spirals  
i'm feelin' plastic checkerboards imprinting my flesh  
i'm sippin' suburbia through a striped straw  
i'm munchin' monotony  
i'm swallowin' TV screens, hanging laundry, hedge clippers,  
and pause-patched conversations over the dinner table  
images are oozing through my head like the melting tar on the  
street  
making a mess of my Pavlovian mind  
big-wheel stone grinding, lawn mower drone, children's hollow  
screams...

something snaps - inside  
the images are gushing  
mangled and distorted  
mass infestation

copper-coated insects wrap buzzing wires 'round our home and  
hearts

mass infection

the disease of complacency

mass disillusionment

our dreams mutate into hopes of a concrete utopia

covet your VCR, embrace your MICROWAVE, nurture your  
AUTOMOBILE

thriving offspring of the over-sexed generation

the rest stand stiff-limbed as the electric shocks flow

the rest pay reverence to their polysynthetic gods

the rest are cooking dinners, mowing lawns, doing the wash,

watching MTV, CNN, NBC, ABC, VH1...

i'm in the long, languid lawn chair  
my initials are RIP  
and i'm a product of TV.



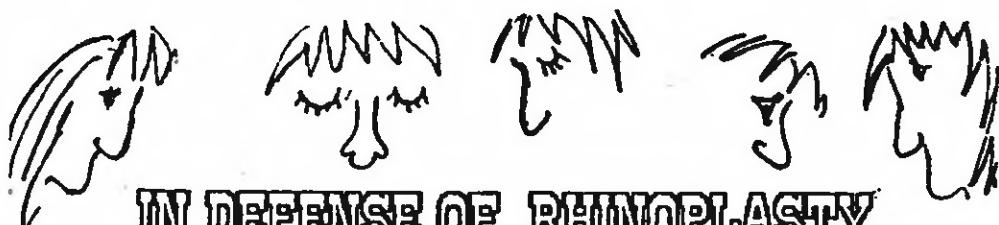
Kara



Kellogg's



AVON



## IN DEFENSE OF RHINOPLASTY

"WHAT? You don't want to get a nose job, only vain girls with big hair get nose jobs!"

Oh. I guess I was mistaken then. I guess all of those years I spent as an ugly, self-conscious child shouldn't bother me now. Now that I'm older and more mature I guess I'm supposed to realize that it shouldn't matter what I look like, people will like me no matter how I look so I shouldn't be self-conscious anymore. Now, I understand that the reason I might be self-conscious about my nose is because society dictates what beauty is and a big nose just ain't it. This societal influence dictates the way many people, including myself, think about themselves. Perhaps. So, the question becomes, why would I have any desire to get a nose job now that I'm all the wiser, slightly more confident in myself, and not quite as ugly without the bad hair, bad skin, glasses and braces? People, ignorant but well-meaning people, ask me as if I haven't already questioned it myself about a thousand times, why I feel the need to get a nose job.

Well, I'll tell you why. No matter how or why I feel self-conscious about my appearance, no matter if it's societal or psychological or whatever, the fact remains that my persisting self-consciousness about my nose invades every single one of my actions. When I feel ugly and uncomfortable with my outward appearance, I feel uncomfortable with myself. So, one silly changeable, physical attribute prevents me from speaking up when I want to, approaching that unapproachable "godlike person who would never want to talk to me". or even asking a salesperson if she has that shirt in a different size. Yes, one stupid little facial feature has cursed me in its minor ways all of my life, or at least has tremendously magnified the already existing lack of self-confidence. Now, I finally have the chance to change it, and I do not intend to pass up this opportunity.

I will still be the same person...but with a smaller nose and more self-confidence in my appearance, and myself. I am not vain. I do not have big hair. I just want an opportunity to go through and enjoy the only life I'll ever have without having to stifle my experience because of a little self-confidence reducing flaw.

For anyone else out there considering going under the knife, don't listen to what "Sassy" magazine has to say against nose jobs. (Did you notice that Jane, renowned hater of nose jobs, has a perfect little nose herself??!) Not only that, but not once have I seen a model in that magazine with less than a perfect nose!! I say, if it'll make you feel better, and you really want it done, go for it. After all, we only have one nose, one face, and one life...might as well try to get it right the only time around.

Oh, and for those of you beautiful people out there

who feel inclined to rip on those of us rhinoplasty recipients: do us large nose wearing human beings a favor and keep your mouth shut. I, (and people like me,) am doing this for myself, not for anyone else. Please don't reprimand us: you can't possibly understand unless you've been there.

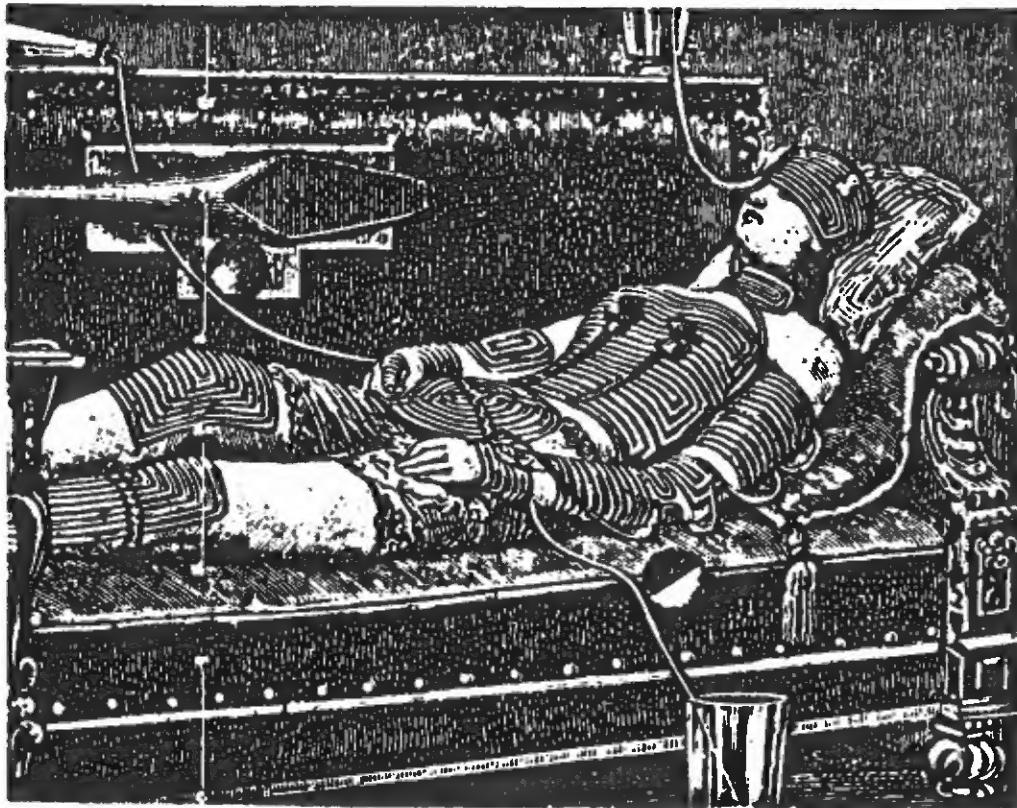
\*Disclaimer: I didn't intend for this to come out sounding defensive, but I guess it did. Sorry, and take it with a grain of salt.



# Teen Angst...Ya gotta love it!

Sitting here in this cold, stone, grey institution, I pray that these fucks keep living their lonely, empty lives. Why did I have to be born in these desolate years? Void of spirit for living. The revolution still decades away. I struggle through these days. I feel like an outcast. A giraffe in an ocean full of fish. . . The more I think, the more I learn, the more distant I get, the fewer I can relate to, the fewer there are that can understand my anger and feed off of it. Like I feed off the others' ignorance and fears. I spit on their tombs because they have already died. KEEP FIGHTING!

- Julie C.





XBOYFRIEND==HATE  
ABUSE  
ENTRAPMENT  
HURT  
ANGER  
RAPE

It was so cool how he knew all these bands. He even met Dave MDC in a bar once! He had these awesome dreads and lots of muscles. He never really let me talk, though; it was always his band played here and he did that in the pit at Circlejerks. I remember, went into the pit at Circlejerks, someone punched me. He didn't care, though....

DEAR EXBOYFRIEND?ABUSER,

I remember the time you called me something I can't say what because it hurts. I remember the time you kissed me until I was sore. I remember the way you ignored me and loved it when I followed you around like a fucking groupie. It's been so long, why do I remember so much?

I told my mother what he was like. She said that was just how my father was.

# THE XBOYFRIEND: the Sequel



Note: I don't advocate violence of any kind; it's just that pretending makes me feel better!



DON'T LET HIM BEAT YOU  
D O W N!



# Revolution

## THEORY OR REALITY?

ALL I CAN DO IS BELIEVE...

*It happened yesterday, it will happen today, and tomorrow. No, you didn't hear about it on the 6 o'clock news because the only revolution that is happening in this day and age is a revolution of the minds. People are slowly, very slowly but surely, reawakening, realizing, and reassessing their own personal ethics and morals. No, these true heroes, these faithful warriors won't be seen on Regis & Kathie Lee because their secret struggles are so advanced with intellectual content, so easy and simple to them but far too complex for the others to ever grasp. The basic belief is to treat all people with respect and compassion. You must see past the barriers that society puts up such as classism, racism, sexism and ageism which aren't really barriers at all but differences. Yes, differences exist but don't let them stand in your way, don't let anything ever stand in your way! It will take years and years to undo the damage our "oh-so-wonderful" forefathers invented. But the few that have taken the time to find themselves and the truth that lies there will do their best to help the others that want to be helped. In time a new tomorrow will dawn with a promising future, the first promising future ever known to humankind. The strong, aware and loving majority will lead the way and, in time, all will follow.*

*All I can do is believe...*



- Julie C.

# THANKS, but no thanks

Equal Rights!

she shouted

Sweaty knuckles Sweaty hair Sweaty voice

Hold that sign higher, Sister,

Just a few minutes more, Sister,

And you'll get your

Equal Rights.

But then what? Then comes

me,

Sister.

me.

The child of your

Labor.

I am free.

I am free to

become a rich powerful executive  
in an exploitative industry

become a rich powerful politician  
in a corrupt government

become a rich powerful woman  
in the man's world.

No, sir, not just a secretary

And don't you call me 'gal'.

These are the 90's

And I can

cheat

lie

sell out

small talk

buy

own

exploit

ignore

take advantage

climb those ladders and  
sell my soul

just like all the boys,  
cuz I got Equal Rights.

Thank you

my beautiful ansister,

but no thanks.



by: TEEN

## Woman, moon

Hands perched  
on hips  
elbows stuck out,  
still sharp  
and brazen under  
wrinkled clay  
skin

Dandelion hair  
gone to wispy  
seed  
Body blown out  
as a soft  
balloon

Feet that keep moving  
even when the eyes  
have not  
reflected  
fire for thirty years

Hands that eclipse,  
lips that wax and wane  
without fear

Julie Khoury

Poverty.  
Greed.  
Violence.  
War.  
Sickness.

Sounds pretty appetizing, doesn't it?

Almost every day of my life, I am greatly disgusted by the race I am a part of. Every day, I am faced with the fact that people, human beings like myself, have to live their lives in such terrible situations.

It aggravates me to know that I can't do more, and it infuriates me to know that people who are capable of doing more, just turn their backs on the needy, and eat their suburban life up with a silver spoon!

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE SARDINES! People everywhere are dying, and people everywhere are pretending they're non-existent! Get back to reality! It's a tough thing to face, but it's there, and as far as I'm concerned, it always will be until people develop some sort of values and stop thinking of just themselves.

The way I see it, people today, and from the not-so-long-ago past have diverted too much from nature, and the basic, simple way of life.

*"If you compare the city with the forest, you may begin to wonder why it's man who goes around classifying himself as the superior animal."*  
The Tao of Pooh

Today, everything is man-made, or man-altered. Nothing is good enough unless it's some great human invention, that basically destroys the environment, or it's made to do something that might take 15 minutes regularly, but now you can do it in 10!

*"Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow."*  
-Henry David Thoreau

I'm not saying that I think people should completely digress back to caveman days, when everything was so simplified that the invention of the wheel and pulley were things to get excited about. But why make things so complicated that the word happiness is almost mythological.

Nature is such a beautiful thing, and it almost seems as though people today are afraid of it, because they're doing everything in their power to get rid of it.

Why we put ourselves through the torture we do, I'll never know. But what I do know is that the solutions to the world's problems are easily solved, all we have to do is face the reality of the obvious.

- Katie

I'm feeling very vernal  
Lavendar buds are sprouting from my brain  
I feel like a bubble  
Ready to burst and spread my happy drops  
My soul is a maypole  
Draped in gorgeous sashes of red and gold  
My head is overwhelmed  
Thoughts of summer heat taunt my overwintered self.

- Laura

I promised to write something for the Riot Grrl zine and I sat at my computer with a totally blank mind for quite some time. Really. I couldn't think of anything relevant to say, and I know that is kind of amazing from some one as verbose as I usually am. The problem really is when someone gives me free reign over topic and length and all that kind of thing. It's easier to write with restrictions, because there's so much to write about, so much to say. For instance, I have in the back of my mind an editorial about suicide forming. That will come out soon I think. I also have ideas for editorials on homopunk, zines in general, and high school. But nothing relevant. So after sitting here for a long time I decided just to write about what I think about Riot Grrl. To hell with form and structure, I should just start writing.

I don't like Riot Grrl. Well I don't like some of the things about Riot Grrl. Although I am politically active and I have all these opinions, I don't share a lot of Girls' view of "radical feminism." I am a feminist though. This goes back to my theory of considering myself a feminist but not doing anything about it. I mean, I don't want to go out and fight for women's rights in a man's world; I think women should go out and make their own world. Or rather, I think women should go out and make a world for themselves that coexists with the man's world. People have to realize that men and women are not the same and never will be. And unlike a lot of Riot Grrls, I'm not ready to go out on a pro-choice rally and confront right wing prolifer. I just don't want to and I don't think it accomplishes much. I think it's kind of pointless. I think that if we are going to get anywhere in the abortion controversy we are going to have to stop what we are doing now because it's obviously not working. I'm no radical.

I also don't like the stereotype of Riot Grrls or the things associated with them. I am not a man hating lesbian. I am not a fema-nazi. There is nothing wrong with lesbianism in the slightest, but there is a whole lot wrong with assumption. "Nothing should be assumed about anybody's sexuality, including your own," as Larry-bob says. It really upsets me that people make these assumptions. What business is it of yours who I sleep with? None unless you're the one in bed with me! I write about this a lot for my own zine. I think people are too caught up in sexuality. It rules their lives. It becomes all aspects of their life. There are more things to life than hormones and "getting off." My sexuality doesn't rule my life, and I don't want it to.

Now going on to the man hating part. This normally comes from me and I think it's because they feel threatened by what we are doing. I don't think they realize it either. I think they just do it (assume we hate men) because they have been conditioned to do that. If they (the mea) would stop a minute and really think about it, they would realize that RG is NOT a threat but probably even a benefit. Why is the idea of women getting together, without mea, to do whatever they want, scary? The fact is, we never talk about men. Not that we've made it a point to not to talk about men, they just never come up in conversation. I think it is part of inbred male ego for them to think we need to talk about them. We haven't talked about them enough to hate them collectively. You know, far from it. Yes we hate some things associated with men like rape and all, but RG is not about hate.

Now tackling the fema-nazi issue. I am not a fema-nazi, as you can probably tell from what I said earlier, and I don't agree with what "they" stand for. Okay, what is a FEMA NAZI (am I even spelling it right?), and who are "they"? It's this term that some people came up with to describe people who are militantly feminist. Not me. Maybe some Riot Grrl's are, in fact, I'm sure some are. This goes back to the assumption thing. No generalization will ever work. Ever. I have lots more theories about fema nazis, but you know, this isn't the place to discuss them, because the phrases "Fema-nazi" and "Riot Grrl" are NOT interchangeable.

But I do like Riot Grrl. I like that it's about love and communication and networking and productivity and learning. There's something different about having girl friends, grrl friends who are not afraid to talk and express themselves. Grrls who have ideas and want to share them. I like being in a room and not having to worry about flirting or sex or all of those things that happen when men are there. I like that we can share with each other. I like that we can get a lot done and have a lot of power if we just pool our ideas and resources. And each of us knows something special, each of us has a different view of the world, and believe it or not, that will always be interesting to someone else. There's something different about being around people who understand you. Yeah, guys, can try, but they'll never really understand women.

# THE FIRST VISIT

The woman looked at her patient sitting a little too close for comfort, for both of them. Challenges...

"How was your day?" she started.

"Okay, I guess," the young person responded. She was looking out the window at the construction going on outside. The beams swayed on hanging wires and the ant-like men clumsily directed them. She failed to observe the blue sky, the fluffed white clouds, and the bright sun that also framed in the window.

"Did anything good or bad happen in particular?" inquired the therapist, bringing the girl back to the room.

"No, same ol' same ol'." came the answer, with a touch of cynicism.

"Is your life always 'the same 'ol same 'ol'?" she asked, patiently not meaning to mock.

"Sure," said the patient, feeling mocked. The girl avoided her prosecutors eyes. She was looking into her lap, letting her hair fall over her pretty, but pale and tired face.

"So why do you think you're here?" the older woman asked, trying the direct approach.

"My mother made me."

"I think she is very concerned for you. Do you have any idea why?"

"I suppose it's because I don't eat," said the girl, looking at the hands of the clock. A long way to go.

"Why don't you eat?" asked the doctor, triumphing in getting to the root of the problem.

"I don't know..." came the disappointing reply. The young woman tugged nervously at the threads of her shorts, hating this.

"Do you think you're fat?" probed the doctor.

"Well, I never really thought I was fat, but I know I'll get fat if I eat a lot."

"What's a lot?" said the doctor, trying to keep the girl talking.

"How tall are you?"

"5'2" or something," replied the girl automatically. She still didn't look up at the high-heeled woman gazing at her with pencil in hand. The dry, cracked lines engraved in her fingers were much more interesting.

The doctor picked up the girl's file and flipped to the report from her pediatrician. "It says here you weigh 84 pounds. Do you feel 84 pounds?"

The answer was not immediate. The girl wrestled with reason and her reality. The doctor waited, letting the girl collect her troubled thoughts, letting the tears collect in her troubled eyes.

"I hear the number and know what it means - I'm thin. But I look at myself in the mirror and think the scale's lying."

"Obviously you don't seem to be very happy with your life. If you could change anything to make living more enjoyable, what would you change?" asked the doctor.

Silence. The girl did not answer, could not answer. Feelings jammed up in her throat turned into water in her eyes. The emotions fall silently, dropping on the cracked earth of her hands. She didn't trust her voice with an answer, and so she gave none.

The doctor handed the girl a box of Kleenex and waited. After many minutes, she realized that any hope of the girl answering her question was in vain. She tried a new path. "Why are you crying? What are you feeling?"

The young woman was slightly surprised by the directness of the question. For some reason she expected her crying to go unnoticed, disregarded. But she saw now that it wasn't that easy here. Feeling weren't disregarded in this office, and she couldn't get away with hiding them, because her tears always betrayed her.

"I don't know why I'm crying - it just comes," she said.

Reflecting for a moment, the therapist looked at her patient. She looked at the dark, frumpy clothes enveloping the frail frame of the girl. The downcast eyes were encircled with shadowed skin and the hair hung in limp strands. The woman could see the pain underneath the weak disguise, and her natural instinct to help was overbearing. She collected her thoughts. "It appears to me that you have difficulty recognizing your feelings, even as you feel them. Do you ever write in a journal?"

"Sometimes, but not consistently," the young woman answered.

"Well, I'm asking you to try and write something down every day about the different feelings you had that day and, if you can, why you felt those feelings. Do you think you can do that?"

"I'll try, I guess," came the distant answer. She could sense that the session of interrogation was coming to a close, and she sighed with relief. The calm aftermath that always followed when she purged her tears started to enfold her. She felt weak and empty.

"Well, how 'bout we call it a day? Is there anything else you want to talk about?" said the doctor, repeating the usual lines of closing a session.

The girl shook her head 'no', and began to rise from the chair. As she lifted herself up, she felt lighter as if her heavy thoughts and feelings were left there, on the warm seat. The doctor held the door open and the young patient passed through it.

"Have a good week," were the useless words of the older woman.

"You too. Goodbye," mumbled the girl, attempting a weak smile. She moved on out into the waiting room.

Kara



The sky was beclouded, not dark  
but billowing high with tufts of white purity.  
My playful curiosity was tempted, not seduced  
but beckoned by the burgeoning pillows.  
My brain was disallowing, not stern,  
but gently reminding me that clouds are nothing  
but gas.

Laura



Kara, Angel, and Rachel



Kristina thinking  
profound culinary  
thoughts →



Foreplay before the wild girl orgy ↓





♥ LESLIE ♥



Lovely Rachel ↑

Lurisa the gourde



Kara Angel ☀



Jenn in a rare moment of silence



Kara observing the crud between her toes...

Beautiful Julie



Don't say you love me. I know  
you don't. I'm not one of your  
chicks who falls for your lines.  
I'm an intelligent woman, I  
know this is what you want  
so let's get it over with. I'm a  
woman of ambition. I have  
other things to do.



# it's **mindrape**, not just mindFUCK!!! *grif!*

god left me as soon as i had a clear understanding of what he was supposed to be for me, to me **ON** me — god was forced on me, a spiritual rape, a maculate misconception of more male dominance. god was wrathful but merciful, he made the rules and you suffered if you didn't go by them. after all moses supposedly did for god, god wouldn't even let him into the "promised land", and now the "promised land" doesn't even belong to those it was supposedly promised to. the god i had been told to believe in was a liar, a cheater, a racist, a sexist, a classist, a powerful, fearful, controlling male **THING**. so was michael, and he verbally, physically, sexually abused me when i was a little kid right until he moved off to the palm trees of California. maybe he's surfing out there w/ god for all i know, but i don't believe in either one of them.



i always figured that fucking had something to do w/ choice, that you could say no and it wouldn't happen b/c if it did, then it was rape. well i didn't choose to give up most of my sunday mornings to some man spirit i didn't believe in, i didn't want to pray & fucking kneel for him. i didn't want anyone pushing in my chairs for me, holding doors open for me. i did not want long hair. i wanted dark blue clothes, not pastel - strong colors that stimulate eye development in infants. i wish it was science and math that was stressed on me in my education, rather than english and art. i don't want to feel deep down inside that b/c i don't look like Cindy Crawford i'm hideous. none of those were things i had a choice in, they were all shoved on me at warp speed everyday all day. that's rape, and that's why every girl has suffered abuse and harassment. i know girls who feel like they are just being whining bitches for demanding equality, when they've never received the scars of rape. well, all i'm sayin is **YES YOU HAVE**, every fucking day. ❤️ ❤️ ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

— *Rachel* 

**TODAY, IN OUR COURTS, WOMEN ARE BEING  
TREATED IN A WAY THAT I HAD HOPED HAD  
BECOME A THING OF THE PAST. THE  
FOLLOWING ARE A FEW EXAMPLES THAT  
REALLY PISS ME OFF!!!**

**•In 1990, a survey done by the state  
showed that 13% of the judges surveyed  
believed that sexual assaults are  
precipitated by provocative dress or actions  
on the victim's part.**

**•"A Florida jury freed an alleged rapist  
because the woman was wearing a lace  
miniskirt when she was raped."**

**•"At the Palm Beach courthouse, just  
before the trial of a man accused of setting  
fire to his wife, the judge sang a ditty he  
deemed appropriate for the open court: 'You  
Light Up My Wife,' drolly intuned to the tune  
of 'You Light Up My Life.'"**

### **THE TIME FOR CHANGE IS NOW!**

**This info was taken without permission from the  
January 1993 issue of Vogue.**





### NIGHT

The sky hangs thick tonight, like  
God's cloudy bedding,  
spread thick and smooth over the night.  
And from the winter claws of an evergreen  
drips sleep,  
which lines the ground with dust and  
dry teeth.  
The sky hangs thick tonight over a  
coffee-bean earth;  
the air is a sliced cucumber and the  
stars are snowy freckles.  
And I am a night disciple,  
drafty as a torn quilt and  
covered like an eye.

--JESSE



Only dweebs have shoes that don't match everything else. ◀  
So get Kaepa cheerleading shoes and order a set of snap-in  
logos. ◀

Wouldn't it be nice if we could take all of our societal pressures & shove 'em? If we could take all of the people in our lives that told us we "were lazy", "didn't try hard enough", & "had a lot of potential" & put them into a dungeon-like room? Can you imagine the fun we could have in that room? Not necessarily in a tortuous way, but all of these people would be chained down like we were as we grew up. Is it not depressing that we all start out in a puddle, & solidify & shape over the years & all come out the same anyway? What happens? There must be some special chemical in everyone's minds that you're born with that says "teenagers are the root of all evil - you must bond with other people & rise up against them!"

It seems that no matter where one looks they're told "you're not special, just average at different degrees." Walt Disney & Jim Henson must've been two of the biggest problems for adults, going around pretending they had an imagination! Rebels! If you ask me, everyone's a rebel anyway - what with women, blacks, gays, and less recognized religions wanting rights...I'd say our educators (just the leaders) are rebels. Walking around, telling people we should be like the Japanese (educationally.) Sure! Why not! Kill off about half the population while it's still young! Mass suicide could be considered religious, couldn't it? Maybe it's a sin - or is it a sacrifice?

Kristina

We'll tell you where to buy them.

# AMY FISHER: THE ULTIMATE RIOT GRRRL

(or, "Another Reason Why You Shouldn't Watch Television")

Let's just say, hypothetically speaking, that you live on a mountain, hermit-style, completely isolated from society. And let's just say that you have never heard of Amy Fisher. Well, then, I'd like to tell you a story about this girl, and the peculiar ways of the American society which you have so keenly chosen to disassociate with.

Young Amy, a strong-minded girl of 17 or 18, liked to have sex, (Offense #1). She met an older, married man, and the two of them had good, consensual sex together, (Offense #2, but we will welcome steamy re-enactments of their sex on television as, um, evidence.) The man encouraged her to kill his wife, (or so claims the young harlot, but why should we believe her?) Amy shot his wife, and she was badly hurt, (Offense #3, and we'll ring our hearts and set them out to dry for this good, white, wholesome housewife and the bologna sandwiches she won't be able to make for her kids anymore because a little whore put a bullet in her head. Tsk, tsk.)

Every media source in this country, from the lowest tabloid to the most respected newsmagazine, sat on Amy's jury. Every television station served up an orgasmic frenzy of miniseries evidence for the American Public. For a period of about four weeks towards the end of 1992, Americans stroked their self-righteous egos by concentrating their puritanical tongue-clicking on one girl they could be sure was more guilty than themselves. Amy Fisher was accused, tried, and convicted in millions of living rooms with remote-control gavels, long before the real judge had his chance.

In a country where the evening news seems more fictitious than most fiction, it's hard to believe that Amy Fisher was the most sensational story of the year. Surely they could have come up with something with slightly more sex and blood. Ah, but there was a special attraction with Amy Fisher: She represented everything that the American Public despises in teenage women. She was independent, disobedient, and she liked sex. She was attractive, she had a car, and she had a gun. A girl with power? The verdict was unanimous between the newspapers, networks, talk shows, radio call-ins, tabloids, Tom, Dan, Peter, Connie, Oprah, Phil, Rush, Sally Jesse, Geraldo, Jay, David, Arsenio, and eventually, the armchair masses of America: GUILTY. Make the slut pay.

The Amy Fisher hoopla offers many sad commentaries on the state of our country. First and foremost is the absurdity of this story generating such an insane amount of attention. When a personal squabble merits the label "news that's fit to print", we know something is wrong. Secondly, and more disgusting than the media that offered this dribble, is the nation that sucked it, swallowed it, and licked its fat lips dry of it. The simple rule of supply and demand leads us to believe that somewhere out there a great number of people really cared about Amy Fisher's story, (or perhaps they simply lacked anything else to care about.) Lastly, and most importantly, is the sick double-standard this country has when it comes to teenage men and teenage women.

Let me tell you another story. A few years ago in Cleveland, a young man of age 17 or 18 was having good, consensual sex with an older, married woman. They were in love with each other, and the woman encouraged this boy to kill her husband. He obtained a gun and they both plotted the murder. At this point, friends, I fail to remember what happened. And do you know why I cannot remember? Because nobody in Cleveland gave a shit. The whole story was continuously relegated to the newspaper's back pages and ignored during bridge games and office gossip, much less made into a TV movie. This young man did not become a household name or a national spectacle. Although a judge and jury sent him to jail, the segment of society familiar with his story pardoned him of any crime. He was a boy seduced by an older woman, after all. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

Amy Fisher was a scapegoat. She gave everyone permission to let out their pent-up anger at women in general, and at independent young women specifically. Her actions weren't all that cool, and by no means do I encourage you to go out, screw old married guys, and pack heat. But the real lesson to be learned in the shadow of the Amy Fisher saga is not about Amy Fisher at all, but the society that was obsessed with her. When you scrape away the thin layer of jokes, interviews, and gossip, an electrified core of misogyny is what you'll find. Nothing less.

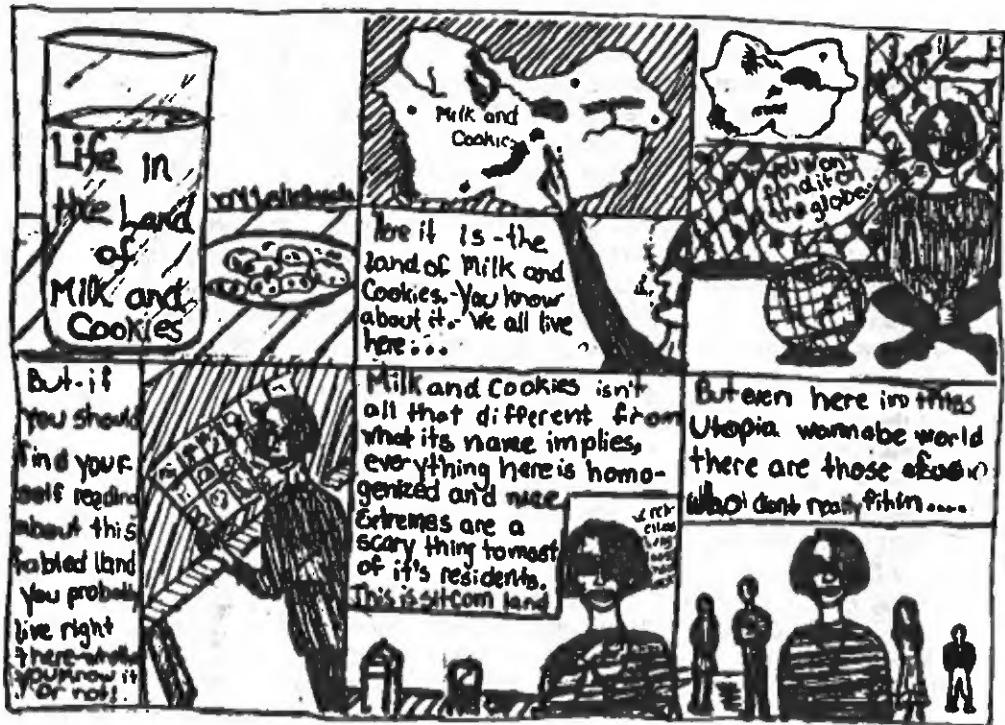
Someone's guilty here, and it's not the teenage girl who had an affair gone bad. It's the masses whose minds were manufactured by Sony, measure 19", and stir hypnotic woman-hatred among other things. They, too, are condemned to a prison, but their jail is a lot worse than Amy Fisher's. At least she'll be up for parole someday.



by: Jenn

# THE SLUT HERSELF

The average American spends 10 years in front of the television.



If you are Jewish and you put down Black people  
you're the same as the Nazis you burned your relatives.  
If you are Black and you put down gay people  
you're the same as the slavemasters who whipped your ancestors.  
If you are gay and you put down women,  
you're the same as the homophobes who bash you.  
If you are a woman and you put down disabled people,  
you're the same as the men who rape, beat, and exploit you.  
  
If you are a human being and you oppress another human being,  
you have no right to complain of your own oppression.

=JENN

# RIOT grrrl is... (FROM 'FANTASTIC FANZINE')

BECAUSE we girls want to creat mediums that speak to US. We are tired of boy band after boy band, boy zine after boy zine, boy punk after boy punk after boy.

BECAUSE I can't smile when my girlfriends are dying inside. We are dying inside and we never even touch each other; we are supposed to hate each other.

BECAUSE we need to talk to each other. Communication/inclusion is key. We will never know if we don't break the code of silence.

BECAUSE we are being divided by our labels and philosophies, and we need to accept and support each other as girls; acknowledging our different approaches to life and accepting all of them as valid.

BECAUSE I need laughter and I need girl love. We need to build lines of communication so we can be more open and accessible to each other.

BECAUSE we need to acknowledge that our blood is being split; that right now a girl is being raped or battered and it might be me or you or your mom or the girl you sat next to on the bus last tuesday, and she might be dead by the time you finish reading this. I am not making this up.

BECAUSE we will never meet the hierarchical BOY standards of talented, or cool, or smart. They are created to keep us out, and if we ever meet them they will change, or we will become tokens.

BECAUSE in every form of media I see us/myself slapped, decapitated, laughed at, objectified, raped, trivialized, pushed, ignored, stereotyped, kicked, scorned, molested, silenced, invalidated, knifed, shot, choked, and killed.

BECAUSE I am tired of these things happening to me; I'm not a fuck toy, I'm not a punching bag, I'm not a joke.

BECAUSE I am still fucked up, I am still dealing with internalized racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, etc., and I don't want to do it alone.

BECAUSE I see the connectedness of all forms of oppression and I believe we need to fight them with this awareness.

BECAUSE a safe space needs to be created for girls where we can open our eyes and reach out to each other without being threatened by this sexist society and our day to day bullshit.

BECAUSE a safe space needs to be created for girls where we can open our eyes and reach out to each other without being threatened by this sexist society and our day to day bullshit.

BECAUSE every time we pick up a pen, or an instrument, or get anything done, we are creating the revolution. We ARE the revolution.

R I O T ♥ G R R R L

P.O. BOX 2118  
CLEVELAND, OH 44121

